

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY,
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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MABEL ON MIDSUMMER-DAY.

PART I.

"Arise, my maiden Mabel,"
The mother said; "arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

"Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
This little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yester-morn,
And he is not come home.

"And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me with this fever-pain
The little child will die!

"And thou canst help thy grandmother;
The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird;
And thou canst make her bed;

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the Lady-well hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry;

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother-ewe.
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"But listen now, my Mabel,
This is midsummer-day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

"And when thou'rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry-flower,
Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For there are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence.

"For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there myself,
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer-day."

PART II.

Away tripp'd little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And the summer mist had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will,
How that the father was away,
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread;
And next she fed the dog and bird;
And then she made the bed.

"And go, now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day,—
Thou know'st the Lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well,—a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her picher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said:
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled!"

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet mayest not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved away."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And naught could Mabel see
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And, oh, but she is small and neat,"
Said one, "'twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe."

"Oh, but she is a comely child,"
Said a third; "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,—
Seeing she broke no living wood;
No live thing did affray!"

With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy-penny good;
And with the fagots dry and brown,
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
'Twill buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year!"

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go down into the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling
streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,
That spake aloud,—“a human child
Is here; yet mark this thing,—

“The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?”

“Give her a fairy-cake!” said one;
“Grant her a wish!” said three;
“The latest wish that she hath wished,”
Said all, “whate'er it be!”

Kind Mabel heard the words they spoke,
And from the lonesome glen,
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that midsummer-day,
And these three fairy-blessings
She took with her away.

’Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
’Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

—*Mary Howitt.*

NATURE'S SOLITUDES.

Stanley, in his account of his first African journey, records some of the religious impressions that the vast solitudes and solemn magnificence of nature had upon his mind.

“I read,” he says, “Job and then the Psalms. The Bible, with its noble and simple language, I continued to read with a higher and truer understanding than I had ever before conceived. Its powerful verses had a different meaning, a more penetrating influence in the silence of the wilds. I came to feel a strange glow while absorbed in its

pages, and a charm peculiarly appropriate to the deep melancholy of African scenery.”

He felt, he says, “God revealing himself and his will,” and became then inspired with a fresh desire to serve him to the uttermost. He felt, he tells us, “that his life apart from God was but a bubble of the air. The vast upheaved sky and mighty circumference of tree-clad earth or sere downland marked so emphatically my personal littleness, I felt often so subdued that my black followers might have discerned, had they been capable of reflection, that Africa was changing me.” “I came face to face with nature, and nature was the means through complete isolation of recalling me to what I had lost through long contact with the world.”

This confession of one whose life had been unusually adventurous and active is a precious testimony of the power of nature's solitude and isolation to recall men to the higher self. It shows the value of withdrawing for a time from the bustle and turmoil and struggle of existence to nature's pure uncorrupted influences, to hear God speak that the soul may answer. It allies the modern man, simple in faith and quick to feel fresh, noble impressions, with the old saints and sages, philosophers, seers, and prophets, who watched the stars and listened to the counsels of the winds and waters, believing themselves divinely inspired thereby.

The Biblical characters Stanley loved came to be the companions of his great lonely journey. David and Job spoke to him like familiar friends. His warmed imagination fitted great and sublime figures to the wonderful landscapes no white man's eye had before beheld. The privations of his body, sickness, dangers, fevers, perils of all sorts, but brightened the inward vision and made life superlatively grand like the vast rivers and giant hills around him.

The higher emotions have a sphere of their own. They are jealous of rivals. When they would speak to us, they require the reverent attention of the whole soul. The ordinary thoughts and feelings, cares, anxieties, struggles, conflicts, harassments, seem out of keeping with the solemn occasion that changes a life and fixes a great vocation. Hence the sanctuary of nature's solitudes is often chosen as the place where God meets man consciously. Jesus sought the desert, Mohammed buried himself in a cavern, Buddha sat under the bo-tree when the great moment of transformation came.

Not that God and the human soul may not meet in any place on earth, make any spot of ground or narrow room, attic or cellar or prisoner's cell, a chosen temple for those rites

that transform and purify the nature. But many God-intoxicated men have loved the wilds and have sought them for renewal. There has been the wrestling ground of faith and doubt, conviction and consecration, as Jacob wrestled with the angel all night under the stars, in the solemnity of the desert, and would not let him go without a blessing.

Jesus went into the wilderness to find God and himself, to listen if God would speak in the silence or in the voices of thunder, the roar of cataracts, the sound of winds and waters. His fastings were terrible, and his temptations show the depth and richness of his humanity. When he issued from that experience, he was sane, and knew why he had come into the world. John the Baptist, we may be sure, had wandered long among the rocks and sands and dry places of the earth, until he cried, "Repent, repent," to the very stones.

So innumerable saints and sages have entered the secret places of nature to slough off the old man, and in the pure, invigorating, uncontaminated influences of heaven and earth, find renewal, peace, and strength. There are tests to which we are obliged to submit before we are worthy to receive even the lowest degree in the school of life, and one of the tests is the power of extracting great lessons from solitude and loneliness. Fine natures must often go out under the sky and listen. They must gather a message with heart purified and brain freed from the idle, trumpety things of life. They must wrestle for a blessing, as did Jacob, or with the temptations of life, as did Jesus. Alone, alone, undistracted by worldly noises, believing with childlike faith that God will surely speak if we prepare the way, the leaves of the trees will whisper the "word," the winds will murmur it, the waters will sigh out its meaning. It will drop from the sky, it will rise from the earth. God is there in the holy, all-pervading solitude.

It is in reposefulness, in listening and heeding, that sublime fortitude and endurance are born. It is agreed that inspiration comes not from within, but is waited for, invited, and solicited.

The great martyr, teacher, lover of his kind, inspired patriot and sage, finds in some form of solitude, self-communing, and openness to the Infinite, the love, sacrifice, valor, and devotion for his great task. Too much unbroken, restless intercourse with the world dims the inner light and at last makes it almost invisible. We need the spiritual bath even more than the bodily,—the great refreshment of coming back to the best self, of brightening ideals, and, above all, of

freshening the emotions that are the source of all true aspiration. We need the renewing touch of nature that helps us to cast off our artificial being, our shell of conventionality, and come forth touched with something childlike, spontaneous, and pure.—*The Christian Register*.

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

Help us walk, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; to put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and evil-speaking, with all malice.

May we be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, in Christ, hath forgiven us.

May we be followers of thee, as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ has loved us; redeeming the time; having the fruit of the spirit in all goodness and righteousness and truth; speaking to ourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

May we give thanks, always, for all things, unto God our Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Beyond the land, beyond the sea,
There shall be rest for thee and me,
For thee and me and those we love.
I heard a promise gently fall,
I heard a far-off shepherd call
The weary and the broken-hearted,
Promising rest unto each and all.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor*.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee:
All things are passing.
God never changeth.
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting.
Alone God sufficeth.

—*Santa Teresa's Bookmark*.

When you say, "Lead us not into temptation," you must in good earnest mean to avoid in your daily conduct those temptations which you have already suffered from.

When you say, "Deliver us from evil," you must mean to struggle against that evil in your hearts which you are conscious of, and which you pray to be forgiven. . . . To watch and pray are surely in our power, and by these means we are certain of getting strength. You feel your weakness; you fear to be overcome by temptation: then keep out of the way of it. This is watching. Avoid society which is likely to mislead you; flee from the very shadow of evil; you cannot be too careful; better be a little too strict than a little too easy—it is the safer side. Abstain from reading books which are dangerous to you. Turn from bad thoughts when they arise.—*J. H. Newman.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Gaffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cleveland Cheerful Letter Committee offer the following. Apply to Miss Dorothy Curtis, 48 Delmont Avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio: "A Boy's Travels round the World," by a Boy; "True to Himself," a story of Savonarola, F. E. Cooke; "Frankie at School," Leslie; "When Molly was Six," E. O. White; "The Wild Pigs," Gerald Young; "Tent Life in Siberia," G. Kennan; "Shakespeare's Stories Simply Told," Mary Seymour; "Quentin Durward," Scott; "Daniel Boone," Abbott; "Paddy O'Leary and his Pig," Champney; "Petsetilla's Posy," fairy tale, Hood; "The Little Musician," F. and E. Scannell; "Frü Dagmar's Son," J. M. Wright; "Philip Leicester," J. E. Wright; "Young Folks' History of Germany," Yonge; "Things Will Take a Turn," Harraden; "Two Maiden Aunts," M. H. Debenham; "A Little Girl in Old New York," A. M. Douglas; "Studies for Stories," Jean Ingelow; "Seven Little People," H. E. Scudder; "Light Science for Leisure Hours," R. A. Proctor; "In the Clearings," K. G. Wells; "Sketch Book," Washington Irving; "Settlers at Home," Harriet Martineau; "Is it True?" by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "The Hermits," Charles Kingsley; "The Cat and the Cake," M. Branston; "Real Folks," "Patience Strong's Outings," A. D.

T. Whitney; "A Wonderbook for Boys and Girls," "Tanglewood Tales," Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "The Young Carthaginian," "Chumley's Post," W. O. Stoddard; "Dear Daughter Dorothy," "Gypsy's Cousin Joy," "Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping," E. S. Phelps; "The Story of Bessie Costrell," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "A History of Rome," Leighton; "The Boys of Greenway Court," a tale of the early days of Washington, Butterworth; "If, Yes, and Perhaps," E. E. Hale; "Gardening by Myself," Anne Warner; "Boyhood of Great Men"; "German Popular Tales," Grimm.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I have not received any reading recently. I should be very glad to get some magazines or books. I have one sister who is very fond of reading, and she is kept very close at home as our mother's health is very bad. She would appreciate any good books or magazines. Address, Miss Ruby Omega Dodd, Monroe, Virginia. Minister, Rev. A. C. Jordan, Monroe, Virginia. Mrs. John O. Goodwin, Sandidges, Virginia.

2. Willia Edna Jarrell, aged thirteen, and her little sister seven years of age, living on a lonely farm a long way from town, will be very glad of suitable reading. Address at Waller, Texas, Route 2, Box 47.

3. Mrs. Carrie E. Wilder is now at 50 Turpin Street, Rochester, New York; is lonely and will be grateful for reading.

4. Mrs. John Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia, asks for books and magazines for herself and twelve-year-old nephew, who is ill, confined to his room since January.

5. I send many thanks to the good Cheerful Letter People for the kindness they have shown to me and my aged mother in our sad and lonely hours. Hope they may continue to do so again, with books and magazines. Miss Rosa Martin, Critz, Virginia.

6. Mrs. A. D. Thomas, Jackson's Gap, Alabama, asks that the sending of *Science Journal* and *Sentinel* be discontinued.

7. Mrs. Eula Martin, Pekin, North Carolina, asks for a Teacher's Bible, and story-books for her small children.

8. Miss Lou Sims, Netherland, Tennessee, a crippled shut-in, will be very grateful for any stories.

9. I would be glad of some good books or reading for my husband, as he is old and lonely and does not go anywhere and he enjoys good reading so much. Will the kind friends remember him on his birthday, June 15? He will be sixty-five. I would like some picture books for my little girl of six years. Her name is Arretta. Reference, Rev. A. F. Ramsey, Gretta, Virginia. Address to Mrs. Sam McCrickard, Sandy Level, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

10. Mrs. L. L. Buston, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, R. F. D. 3, has lost her home and contents by fire, just escaped in their night clothes. She will be so glad of books and reading, for she has nothing left.

11. As I have not received much reading for some time and not feeling very well I would like some good reading for myself and children, ages fifteen, thirteen, twelve, and nine years. Those four are girls. My little boy is five years old, baby girl two years old; they would like pictures; the four older ones would like good books, magazines, any good reading will be appreciated. Thanking you for past favors, Mrs. Susie M. Turner, Hodson, Virginia.

12. Myrtle E. Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia, Route 1, Box 10, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *St. Nicholas*.

13. Mrs. Ethel Tucker, Critz, Virginia, a farmer's wife, in poor health, living far from church or library, will be very grateful for reading for herself and picture books for her two little children, aged five and three years.

14. *Dear Friends*,—I am deeply grateful for the *Cheerful Letter* the past year, and other nice reading that has been sent to me. I thank all for it. I am living in a quiet country place. Have been an invalid for four years. I was very sick with typhoid fever at first. Have never been able to do a day's work since. For three years I have been confined to my bed, my body is in a "Plaster of Paris jacket," for curvature of the spine. I have suffered with a complication of other troubles. I enjoy reading, although cannot read but a little daily, and do some crochet work, when able to use my hands. I am not suffering so much pain this spring as I have the past four years. I am

very lonely. When I was first taken sick was in such a nervous condition the nurse had to deny almost every one visiting me, and they do not come now as they used to do. I would love to have a book called "The Shepherd of the Hills," to read. I enjoy letters, but am not in circumstance to write much. I have brought up two step-daughters, and for the past seven years have lived alone with them, and my own two little girls aged seven and thirteen years. I worked to support them until I was taken sick. One step-daughter was married Christmas Day. We live in our home overlooking that grand body of water called "Sebago Lake." It is beautiful all the year. I have lots of cards given me, and I send them to names of the Shut-ins, in our *Cheerful Letter*. I do not ask for a card in return. It is pleasure enough for me to send them to others. I cannot send you the name of a minister that knows me personally, as ours moved away and I am not acquainted with the new one. So I send you the name of Mrs. Sawyer. She takes a deacon's place here and leads the meetings when the pastor is absent. She lives near me and has known me personally the past fifteen years. The Congregational Church is small and has no deacons. Thanking all for the pleasure your little magazine and other reading gives me, Mrs. Laura A. Sanborn, Sebago Lake, Box 12, Maine.

15. Madeline Shelton, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, a girl of sixteen, living with an invalid father and mother, in a lonely place, asks for reading and letters.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Ada M. Dunning is now Mrs. George W. Bean, Oxford, Maine, R. F. D. 3.

Mrs. A. E. Hicks is at Monroe, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

Mrs. Annie Mayo, of Critz, is now Mrs. Annie Coans, Martinsville, Virginia.

NOTICE.

Please take notice that all letters for the Book Club must be at hand by the first of the month previous to date of publication, also written in ink and on one side only of the paper.

I call that man free who is able to rule himself,
Who fears doing wrong, but who fears nothing else.

—F. W. Robertson.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE FREEDOM OF SELF-EXPRESSION.

I was visiting, recently, the house of a friend who is admired by all who know her for the perfection with which she runs her house and for the good manners of her children. While I was there the youngest boy, a little fellow of seven or eight, ran into the room.

"Mother," he cried, "you know I planted some seeds and some have come up! One's come up in a sort of a spike and the other's got two leaves. I did not know seeds—"

"You have forgotten," his mother admonished gently, "to say 'How do you do?' Haven't you, dear?"

He pulled himself together. "How do you do?" said he. "Are all seeds different from every one?" he persisted. "Right from the start can you tell what it's going to do? You can hardly see them!"

"Don't shake hands!" cried his mother, as he absently shoved out a dirty paw. "Your hands are too dirty; I think you'd better wash your hands."

"But do they?" He was still all enthusiasm.

"Wash your hands, my dear," said she with a cheerful finality. She was one of those remarkable women who never outwardly became irritated with their children.

He went away, his spirits drooping. There was a little discouraged air about him like a dog that has bounded cheerfully upon one and has been sent away for his pains.

While my heart ached for him, it ached more for my own children because I saw mirrored before me one of my own sins toward them. This little boy had made a discovery; he had been watching nature, and his interest now was to express what he saw, and the conventionalities and the proprieties of life had fallen upon him and destroyed the inspiration of his moment. Society in the shape of his mother had said to him:

"We do not care that you have been making an experiment and that you have been observing things for yourself, nor how your eager mind has stretched out to know more. The thing of importance here is to say 'How do you do?' politely to Mrs. So-and-So, and to see that your hands are clean."

LISTENING TO OUR CHILDREN.

Clean hands and polite manners are good things, but there is nothing so important in any human being, of whatever age, as his power to express himself. Self-expres-

sion—which should mean the most perfect use and the highest control of one's faculties, plus the power to express in one form or another that which we most wish to express—is the aim and end of Doctor Montessori's system of education. For all creative work is self-expression, and work that has no personal element is drudgery.

The first thing little children try to do is to get control of their bodies. At the same time they are struggling for just the elements of sounds, later for words and sentences. They try uninterruptedly and strenuously for the first three or four years of their lives to gain ever better and better control of their muscles.

While children are educating their bodies, they cannot help educating their minds at the same time. They begin to observe, to ask questions, to think, then they try to express in words the things which they have seen and observed. What short-cuts Doctor Montessori has taken to help the children in their natural desire for observation have been somewhat described in these articles; the important and developing part that play holds in the lives of all children has been touched upon.

But not enough has been said concerning certain aspects of the Montessori system, and chiefly, perhaps, the social part and that dealing with self-expression. Children, when they come into a Montessori school, learn by example to greet their teacher and one another with courtesy. All the small amenities of life are observed as they very seldom are in the average home, where the example of bad manners is so frequently set by parents; but more than anything else a child is *listened to*.—*Mary Heaton Vorse*.

NATURAL HISTORY.*

THE ROSE-BREADED GROSBREAK.

After a long period of winter weather, with its bare and brown or snow-covered fields, its frozen streams, and its leafless trees, how the lover of out-of-doors watches for the first indication of the coming of spring! The vitality that has been dormant, but is commencing to awaken with the lengthening of the days, and the increasing power of the sun is watched with daily growing interest. Every new shade of green that the grassy carpet of the earth assumes is a delight, the first dandelion blossom that shows itself on the lawn is a thing of beauty, the opening of the

*Reprinted from "Bird-Lore," official organ of the Audubon Societies.

arbutus and the modest violet increases our joy, the arrival of the advance guard of winged hosts that we know will soon follow, thrills us with pleasure and a desire for the culmination, when every tree in orchard or forest is bursting forth with blossom and leaf and every place is vocal with music. Then it is, some morning early in May, we are greeted with a glory of song and the flashing beauty of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. During the winter months it has lived in the tropical regions of the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and Northern South America; but with spring comes the longing for home, and it journeys, by night, through the trackless sky to its birthplace. This is anywhere in Eastern United States and the more southern British provinces, from the Atlantic coast to Eastern Kansas and Manitoba. During its semi-annual migrations it passes through the Gulf States. One of the most wonderful and interesting subjects in nature is migration. The cause of the migration of birds is still a puzzle to scientists, and, although theories have been advanced from time to time by learned students, yet none have been universally accepted. The changing seasons, from heat to cold, has been suggested as a cause; the lack of food as another. The latter cause might well explain the necessity for the southward movement of birds in the autumn, but it hardly seems a reason for the return of the birds in the spring from tropical countries where nature is prolific with plant and insect-life. The most attractive theory is that birds return to their breeding-places from a passionate fondness for home, which even the dangers and fatigue of a long journey cannot overcome. Setting aside the reasons for migration, let us consider for a moment migration itself, and the more we think of it the more wonderful it seems. Take, for instance, the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, that has spent the winter in Columbia. How does it know when to start for its home in the temperate clime where its offspring were reared the previous year? Can it calculate the days and hours that it will take to accomplish the distance? How can it retrace the path traversed the previous autumn? It reaches its old home about the same date each year, having travelled thousands of miles to do so. Most of this journey was made in the night, sometimes at an altitude of many thousand feet. The vision of all birds is very acute, and the Grosbeak may fly from one landmark to another, which, when it is reached, may disclose still another in the distance, and so on until home is reached. These journeys are not continuous; during the daytime

the traveller descends to the earth for rest and food and at night resumes its journey again. During the height of the migratory period, the upper air must be filled with thousands of feathered wanderers, who are sometimes met by storms or thick weather when all landmarks must be blotted out. It is known that they then fly at a much lower altitude, for on such occasions they are attracted by light-houses, and thousands of birds of numerous species are killed by flying against the glass of the lantern. This wonderful phenomenon of nature, migration, is well worth extended study, and the scholar is advised to read the exhaustive treatment of the subject by Prof. Alfred Newton* and Mr. W. W. Cooke.†

The Rose-breasted Grosbeak selects as its home, most frequently, second growths of oaks on the borders of large timber, but does not confine itself exclusively to such localities. It builds a rather bulky nest of weed-stalks, twigs, rootlets, etc., in bushes or trees from five to twenty feet from the ground. The eggs are usually four in number, of a pale green color profusely speckled with brown.

The song of this bird is the theme of every nature-writer, and all unite in pronouncing it of the highest type. In some respects it resembles that of the Robin, but it is thought to have a more refined and musical quality. The description of the song of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak by Audubon is such a delightful exhibition of the character of the man, showing so perfectly his childlike faith in a Creator, and his absolute absorption in the beauties of nature, that the passage is given in full:—

"One year, in the month of August, I was trudging along the shores of the Mohawk River, when night overtook me. Being little acquainted with that part of the country, I resolved to camp where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful, the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected by the smooth waters, and the deep shade of the rocks and trees of the opposite shore fell on the bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and, spreading out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned toward my distant home, where my friends were doubtless

* "Dictionary of Birds," Part II., pages 547-572, London, 1893.

† "Report on Bird Migration in the Mississippi Valley," in Bulletin No. 2, United States Department of Agriculture. Division of Economic Ornithology, Washington, 1888.

wishing me, as I wished them, a happy night and peaceful slumbers. Then were heard the barking of the watchdog, and I tapped my faithful companion to prevent his answering them. The thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for His never-failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was passing away into the world of dreaming existence, when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade of the Rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud in the stillness of the night, that sleep fled from my eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more: it thrilled through my heart, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagined that even the Owl, charmed by such delightful music, remained reverently silent. Long after the sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs, and gave myself up to the luxury of repose."

With this delightful tribute of the artist-naturalist to the esthetic qualities of this bird, let us turn to its practical or economic value.

The Colorado potato-beetle dwelt near the base of the Rocky Mountains, feeding upon the sand-bur until about the year 1859. At this time it began to be a pest in the potato-fields of the settlers in that region. Having acquired the habit of feeding upon the cultivated potato, it began its eastward march across the continent, spreading from potato-patch to potato-patch. At first the migration took place at about the rate of fifty miles a year, but later it was more rapid; and in 1874 the insect reached the Atlantic coast (Comstock, "Study of Insects").

The spread of the potato-beetle pest caused an enormous loss to the farmers of the country, not only by the failure of the potato crops, but also by the cost of insecticides, principally Paris green, used to destroy this voracious beetle. It is doubtful whether the farmers of the country would have been able to successfully contend with the potato-beetle had not Nature interposed one of her powerful checks. As the beetle extended its range and became more numerous, the Rose-breasted Grosbeak developed a newly acquired taste for this pest. Professor Beal, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has furnished the following very interesting statement, which shows conclusively the very great value of this bird:—

"No stomachs of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak have yet been examined by the Biological Survey, but the bird's habit of eating the Colorado potato-beetle is a matter of common observation. The first published

report upon this work was made, as far as I know, by Prof. C. E. Bessey, of the Agricultural College of Iowa, more than twenty-five years ago, when the insect first made its appearance. At about the same time a woman writer in 'Forest and Stream' noted the same habit. A few years later I made some interesting observations in a small field of potatoes near my house. No remedial measures were applied to the crop, but both beetles and birds were given a fair field and no favors. At first the insects increased in numbers in spite of the daily visits of the birds, but when the young of the latter were hatched, the numbers of the beetles began to diminish rapidly, and when the young birds were fledged and were brought by their parents and placed in a row upon the fence around the field, the insects rapidly disappeared, and when I examined the field a week later I could not find a single beetle, either young or adult. About this time the birds began to prey upon some peas in my garden, and I shot one of them and examined the contents of its stomach. It consisted of one large green caterpillar (Sphingidæ), several potato-beetles, and a few fragments of peas. My conclusion was that the few peas taken had been well paid for. However, I hung an old coat on a pole near the pea vines, and the birds came near them no more. All of the above observations were made in the state of Iowa, which was one of the first states to suffer from the attacks of the beetles on their eastward march.

"Since then this habit of the Grosbeak has been confirmed by thousands of observers in all parts of the country where the potato-beetle and the bird are found. As this insect is eaten by but few species of birds, it is especially desirable that this one, that eats it so freely, should be preserved and its increase be encouraged in every possible manner. Forty years ago this bird was rare in New England,—in fact, was entirely unknown in many places, but it is now fairly abundant there, and it may be that it has been attracted to that section of the country by the presence of the potato-beetles, which furnish so large a portion of its food. I believe it is possible to prevent its depredations upon peas (the only harm that I have ever heard it accused of), and its value as an insect-destroyer forbids its wanton destruction."

Questions for Teachers and Students.

What is the local name of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak in your locality? Describe or imitate its song. What is its alarm or call-

note? Can you identify the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Robin, and Scarlet Tanager by their songs if the birds are not seen? How do the songs of the three birds differ? What is the peculiarity of the bill of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak? How does it differ from the bill of the Robin? Compare size and shape of these two birds. Describe nest of Rose-breasted Grosbeak, materials, size, height from ground, location, in bush or tree, kind of tree. Is it saddled or pendent? Trace winter and summer habitat on map. Tell what you know of migration. When does the Rose-breasted Grosbeak arrive in your locality in spring? When does it leave? Describe its food. Make drawings of Colorado beetle in adult and larval form. Does this beetle destroy the fruit or plant? What other food does the Grosbeak eat, insect and vegetable? In what locations have you found the Grosbeak? What is an insecticide? Describe the arbutus; where is it found? When? How many species of violets are found in your locality?—*By William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies.*

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S DAUGHTER.

Our own country shows a truly Christian Antigone, resembling the Greek lady, both in her dutifulness to the living and in her tender care for the dead. This was Margaret, the favorite daughter of Sir Thomas More, the true-hearted, faithful statesman of King Henry VIII.

Margaret's home had been an exceedingly happy one. Her father, Sir Thomas More, was a man of the utmost worth, and was both earnestly religious and conscientious, and of a sweetness of manner and playfulness of fancy that endeared him to every one. He was one of the most affectionate and dutiful of sons to his aged father, Sir John More; and when the son was Lord Chancellor, while the father was only a judge, Sir Thomas, on his way to his court, never failed to kneel down before his father in public, and ask his blessing. Never was the old saying, that a dutiful child has dutiful children, better exemplified than in the More family. In the times when it was usual for parents to be very stern with their children, and keep them at a great distance, sometimes making them stand in their presence and striking them for any slight offence, Sir Thomas More thought it his duty to be friendly and affectionate with them and to enter into their confidence; and he was rewarded with their full love and duty.

He had four children,—Margaret, Elizabeth, Cicely, and John. His much-loved wife died when they were all very young, and he thought it for their good to marry a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, with one daughter named Margaret, and he likewise adopted an orphan called Margaret Giggis. With this household he lived in a beautiful large house at Chelsea, with well-trimmed gardens sloping down to the Thames; and this was the resort of the most learned and able men, both English and visitors from abroad, who delighted in pacing the shady walks, listening to the wit and wisdom of Sir Thomas, or conversing with the daughters, who had been highly educated and had much of their father's humor and sprightliness. Even Henry VIII. himself, then one of the most brilliant and graceful gentlemen of his time, would sometimes arrive in his royal barge, and talk theology or astronomy with Sir Thomas; or, it might be, crack jests with him and his daughters, or listen to the music in which all were skilled, even Lady More having been persuaded in her old age to learn to play on various instruments, including the flute. The daughters were early given in marriage, and, with their husbands, continued to live under their father's roof. Margaret's husband was William Roper, a young lawyer, of whom Sir Thomas was very fond, and his household at Chelsea was thus a large and joyous family home of children and grandchildren, delighting in the kind bright smiles of the open face under the square cap, that the great painter Holbein has sent down to us as a familiar sight.

But these glad days were not to last forever. The trying times of the reign of Henry VIII. were beginning, and the question had been stirred whether the king's marriage with Katharine of Aragon had been a lawful one. When Sir Thomas More found that the king was determined to take his own course, and to divorce himself without permission from the Pope, it was against his conscience to remain in office when acts were being done which he could not think right or lawful. He therefore resigned his office as Lord Chancellor, and, feeling himself free from the load and temptation, his gay spirits rose higher than ever. His manner of communicating the change to his wife, who had been very proud of his state and dignity, was thus. At church, when the service was over, it had always been the custom for one of his attendants to summon Lady More by coming to her closet door and saying, "Madam, my lord is gone." On the day after his resignation, he himself stepped up and, with a low bow, said, "Madam, my lord is gone," for

in good sooth he was no longer Chancellor, but only plain Sir Thomas.

He thoroughly enjoyed his leisure, but he was not long left in tranquillity. When Annie Boleyn was crowned, he was invited to be present, and twenty pounds were offered him to buy a suitably splendid dress for the occasion; but his conscience would not allow him to accept the invitation, though he well knew the terrible peril he ran by offending the king and queen. Thenceforth there was a determination to ruin him. First, he was accused of taking bribes when administering justice. It was said that a gilt cup had been given him as a new-year's gift, by one lady, and a pair of gloves filled with gold coins by another: but it turned out, on examination, that he had drunk the wine out of the cup, and accepted the gloves, because it was ill manners to refuse a lady's gift, yet he had in both cases given back the gold.

Next, a charge was brought that he had been leaguings with a half-crazy woman called the Nun of Kent, who had said violent things about the king. He was sent for to be examined by Henry and his Council, and this he well knew was the interview on which his safety would turn, since the accusation was a mere pretext, and the real purpose of the king was to see whether he would go along with him in breaking away from Rome, — a proceeding that Sir Thomas, both as churchman and lawyer, could not think legal. Whether we agree or not in his views, it must always be remembered that he ran into danger by speaking the truth and doing what he thought right. He really loved his master, and he knew the humor of Henry VIII., and the temptation was sore; but when he came down from his conference with the king in the Tower, and was rowed down the river to Chelsea, he was so merry that William Roper, who had been waiting for him in the boat, thought he must be safe, and said, as they landed and walked up the garden, —

"I trust, sir, all is well, since you are so merry?"

"It is so, indeed, son, thank God!"

"Are you then, sir, put out of the bill?"

"Wouldst thou know, son, why I am so joyful? In good faith I rejoice that I have given the devil a foul fall; because I have with those lords gone so far that without shame I can never go back," he answered, meaning that he had been enabled to hold so firmly to his opinions and speak them out so boldly, that henceforth the temptation to dissemble them and please the king would be much lessened. That he had held his purpose in spite of the weakness of mortal nature was true joy to him, though he was so well

aware of the consequences that when his daughter Margaret came to him the next day with the glad tidings that the charge against him had been given up, he calmly answered her, "In faith, Meg, what is put off is not given up."

One day, when he had asked Margaret how the world went with the new queen, and she replied, "In faith, father, never better; there is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting," he replied, with sad foresight, "Never better. Alas, Meg! it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn off our heads like footballs, but it will not be long ere her head will take the same dance."

So entirely did he expect to be summoned by a pursuivant that he thought it would lessen the fright of his family if a sham summons were brought. So he caused a great knocking to be made while all were at dinner, and the sham pursuivant went through all the forms of citing him, and the whole household were in much alarm, till he explained the jest; but the earnest came only a few days afterwards. On the 13th of April, 1534, arrived the real pursuivant to summon him to Lambeth, there to take the oath of supremacy, declaring that the king was the head of the Church of England, and that the Pope had no authority there. He knew what the refusal would bring on him. He went first to church, and then, not trusting himself to be unmanned by his love for his children and grandchildren, instead of letting them, as usual, come down to the water side, with tender kisses and merry farewells, he shut the wicket-gate of the garden upon them all, and only allowed his son-in-law Roper to accompany him, whispering into his ear, "I thank our Lord, the field is won."

Conscience had triumphed over affection, and he was thankful, though for the last time he looked on the trees he had planted and the happy home he had loved. Before the Council, he undertook to swear to some clauses in the oath which were connected with the safety of the realm; but he refused to take that part of the oath which related to the king's power over the Church. It is said that the king would thus have been satisfied, but that the queen urged him further. At any rate, after being four days under the charge of the Abbot of Westminster, Sir Thomas was sent to the Tower of London. There his wife—a plain, dull woman, utterly unable to understand the point of conscience—came and scolded him

for being so foolish as to lie there in a close, filthy prison, and be shut up with rats and mice, instead of enjoying the favor of the king. He heard all she had to say, and answered, "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing, is not this house as near heaven as my own?" To which she had no better answer than "Tilly vally, tilly vally." But, in spite of her folly, she loved him faithfully; and, when all his property was seized, she sold even her clothes to obtain necessities for him in prison.

His chief comfort was, however, in visits and letters from his daughter Margaret, who was fully able to enter into the spirit that preferred death to transgression. He was tried in Westminster Hall, on the 1st of July, and, as he had fully expected, sentenced to death. He was taken back along the river to the Tower. On the wharf his loving Margaret was waiting for her last look. She broke through the guard of soldiers with bills and halberds, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him, unable to say any word but "Oh, my father! oh, my father!" He blessed her, and told her that, whatsoever she might suffer, it was not without the will of God, and she must therefore be patient. After having once parted with him, she suddenly turned back again, ran to him, and, clinging round his neck, kissed him over and over again—a sight at which the guards themselves wept. She never saw him again; but the night before his execution he wrote to her a letter with a piece of charcoal, with tender remembrances to all the family, and saying to her, "I never liked your manner better than when you kissed me last; for I am most pleased when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." He likewise made it his especial request that she might be permitted to be present at his burial.

His hope was sure and steadfast, and his heart so firm that he did not even cease from humorous sayings. When he mounted the crazy ladder of the scaffold, he said, "Master Lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And he desired the executioner to give him time to put his beard out of the way of the stroke, "since that had never offended his Highness."

His body was given to his family, and laid in the tomb he had already prepared in Chelsea church; but the head was set up on a pole on London Bridge. The calm, sweet features were little changed, and the loving daughter gathered courage as she looked up at them. How she contrived the

deed, is not known; but, before many days had passed, the head was no longer there, and Mrs. Roper was said to have taken it away. She was sent for to the Council, and accused of stealing her father's head. She shrank not from avowing that thus it had been, and that the head was in her own possession. One story says that, as she was passing under the bridge in a boat, she looked up and said, "That head has often lain in my lap; I would that it would now fall into it." And at that moment it actually fell, and she received it. It is far more likely that she went by design, and at the same time as some faithful friend on the bridge, who detached the precious head and dropped it down to her in the boat beneath. Be this as it may, she owned before the cruel-hearted Council that she had taken away and cherished the head of the man whom they had slain as a traitor. However, Henry VIII. was not a Creon, and our Christian Antigone was dismissed unhurt by the Council, and allowed to retain possession of her treasure. She caused it to be embalmed, kept it with her wherever she went, and when, nine years afterwards, she died (in the year 1544), it was laid in her coffin in the "Roper aisle" of St. Dunstan's church, at Canterbury.—*Charlotte M. Yonge.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Editor would be glad to receive letters or short articles on the subject treated in the Mothers' Council for this month. The methods to which Madame Montessori has given her name are, however, not new to any reader of Jacob Abbott, and have been in use by many other wise and sensible persons engaged in philanthropic or educational work in this country. A friend of the Editor, who had been a director of the School for Feeble-minded in Massachusetts, told her lately that all those ideas, which were new no doubt in Italy, have been in use for a long time in that institution. Jacob Abbott is the great authority on all these matters when they affect children and are applied to the training of children. In fact, he knows so much more than any one else that, as compared with him, no one else knows anything. Eclipse is first and there is not any second.

Rev. James A. Thoms, who has been in correspondence with some of our members, and is doing a wonderful missionary work in the Adirondack region, where he has just founded a small hospital, cordially invites

any members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, who go to the Adirondacks this summer, to call upon him, as he will be very glad to show them what he is doing there. He thinks he may also be able to help them find pleasant camps or boarding places at a more reasonable rate than hotels charge for such accommodations. His address is Rev. James A. Thoms, Box 125, Jay, Essex County, New York.

THINGS CATS WILL EAT.

The greatly advanced price of meat during the past year has brought something to my notice of which I was not before aware: how many owners of cats are ignorant of what the animals may be fed upon besides flesh.

Of course all pussies *prefer* meat as well as mice, but the variety of other things they will eat seems to be generally unknown, even by many persons who have had cats all their lives. It must be remembered, though, that the felines differ in their tastes as widely as human beings do, and a family of kittens raised in the same household, under identical conditions, will show unaccountable preferences for certain kinds of food and as strong a dislike for other kinds.

For instance, one of my twin tom-cats will eat buttered toast ravenously, never seeming to get enough; yet his brother turns up his ebony nose at the dainty and disdainfully walks away from it. Why? For no reason that I can think of, as I have never offered one cat anything that the other was not given also.

It is easier, to be sure, to train kittens in the way they should eat, but even full-grown cats will soon learn to accept and enjoy many things besides the expensive ones if only their mistresses persevere in the training of their pets.

Just try your feline boarders with the following foods and see whether they will refuse any of them.

All kinds of beans, except limas, mashed and mixed with a little butter, dripping, or milk.

Rice. Made into pudding liked best, of course.

Corn, when either buttered or boiled in milk.

Sweet potatoes any way but raw.

Toasted bread and milk-toast. Also crack-ers of all kinds in milk.

Pap, sweetened slightly.

Oatmeal gruel, with a little milk and sugar.

Eggs raw and cooked in every way, but especially fried as an omelet.

Anything made chiefly of milk and eggs, milk and flour, butter and flour, etc.

Nearly all kinds of gravies are liked by cats, and many stew-gravies may be fed to them if a portion is taken from the pot before such things as herbs or onions are added. These gravies may be used to good advantage when nothing else is available, as they prove good "fillers" for the ever hungry puss.

Mrs. M. Z. WATROUS.

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Have I informed my scholars what reverent means, and how beautiful is a life of prayer and praise, of appreciation of the beautiful and the good, of gratitude and trust?

Have I pictured to them the odiousness of self-conceit and arbitrary power, which prevent the proud from reverencing anything but themselves?

Are they familiar with the parable of the "Pharisee and publican who went up to the temple to pray"?

Have I explained to them the necessity of controlling our appetites and passions, lest they drive us into habits of lust, gluttony, drunkenness, and wrath? Do they realize how full our jails and prisons are of young criminals, who never practise self-control?

Have my scholars all made up their minds to "bid passion serve and reason rule"?

Have I taught them to give every one a good chance, to hold the scales of justice, without prejudice, without partiality?

Have I cultivated in them a sense of equality and fair play, bidding them to be perfectly honest and upright, without cheating, without running into debt, and always hearing both sides?

Have I taught them that "nothing but truth before God's throne with honor can appear," that to be what we seem, and never to seem what we are not, to be sincere and truthful and transparent, to mean what we say and say what we mean, to deal with realities and not with shams, is an essential virtue?

Am I setting them an example of sincerity, and freedom from thoughtless gossip and detraction?

Have I convinced them that selfishness is death, and doing good to others is life? The parables of "the good Samaritan" and of "the last judgment" illustrate the virtue of love. Are my scholars interested in benevolent societies, and in private charities of their own, or are they all the time seeking their own pleasure and comfort, not taking

turns with others in their pleasures and chances? Are they aware of the immense difference between a life of usefulness and a life of selfishness?

Have I talked with my scholars on purity of thought, motive, feeling, and actions?

What have I told my children about patience or a quiet bearing of the trials and troubles of life?

Have I taught my scholars that unending progress toward perfection is our being's end and aim, that industry and diligence are forever to be exercised?

W. G. B.

SAVE THE SPARROWS.

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON PROTESTS AGAINST
KILLING THEM IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"City Forester Boddy is wrong when he says that the sparrow is the means for the spread of insects and diseases among trees," Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, East Cleveland, protectress of birds and other dumb animals, said. Boddy is planning an extermination of the sparrow this summer.

"The sparrow has been a subject of discussion in almost every country at one time or another for twenty years," Mrs. Bolton continued. "England, France, and Germany repealed sparrow laws after a few years, on the advice of agricultural experts.

"In Boston the subject was discussed at great length ten years ago. It was concluded there that the sparrow is one of the worst enemies of insects and caterpillars.

"And it's a hard thing to do away with sparrows. If you try to poison them, you will kill many other birds. If you shoot them, you are using brutal methods. The sparrow is here to stay, I think, and he earns his board."—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE WISDOM OF A JUDGE.

Three lads were recently brought into the Juvenile Court of Boston before Judge Baker upon the charge of harming the pigeons on the Common. Instead of ordering the boys to pay a fine, which would have given them a criminal record, the Judge placed them upon probation, and ordered that each of the two older boys save his spending money to the amount of three dollars which should be paid to our Society. The third boy, much younger, was ordered, by way of punishment, for three or four Saturday mornings to copy selections from our "Lessons on Kindness."

We have received the six dollars, with which we have made all three boys branch

members of our Society and entered their names on the list of subscribers to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Could there be a finer instance than this of what a wise, thoughtful Judge can do to help those brought before him by the judgment passed upon them?

F. H. R.

HATED THE MUZZLE.

Mrs. Lee describes a large spaniel, named Flora, of whom she had personal knowledge. She was valued at home, and was generally under no restraint; but one hot summer an order was issued by the magistrates of the town that no dogs should go abroad without a muzzle. Flora, therefore, when she went abroad, was equipped with a muzzle, which she evidently hated and which she made many fruitless attempts to get off. One day, however, the muzzle was less securely fastened than usual, and after some efforts Flora succeeded in getting it off. The attendant tried to get hold of it, and to replace it in its usual place, but Flora was too quick for him; she caught it up in her mouth, ran off to a pond in the neighborhood, and when there, swam to the deepest part, and dropped the muzzle into the water, expressing by looks and gestures the greatest delight.—*Anecdotes of Animals*.

GRADUATION FROCKS.

Chicago school authorities have been mulling over the "graduation gown" topic with about as much success as usual. A district superintendent suggested that every girl should wear a plain, inexpensive dress made by herself in the sewing classes of the school. The plan would be to have them made of some cheap material, perhaps such as the girls wear in their calisthenics. Emphasis was laid on the need for simplicity in school children's dress, and certainly the poor parents should be saved expense. Superintendent Cooley commended the suggestion as a good idea. "Why should not a girl who is old enough to graduate be able to make a nice dress? If the dresses are made under the direction of the sewing teachers of the public school system, we would have some control over the material purchased and see that it is not costly," said the superintendent. All of these suggestions are marked by good sense and might well be adopted where pupils (and pupils' parents) are willing. But suppose they are not? What then? It probably

would happen that the most vigorous objection would come from the poorest pupils. For it is the rule (so teachers tell us) that it is the parents of the poorer children who spend money most lavishly on graduation frocks.—*Advertiser, 1907.*

While you are suffering from the heat, don't forget that the horse, dog, cat, or other living creature in your care also suffers, and, because of its helplessness, is especially entitled to your utmost kindness, patience, and consideration.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured
beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal
praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

"Freedom is linked forever with the name of Lincoln; pure, simple, unassuming, kindly, touched with sadness and relieved with mirth; never stained with falsehood or treachery; his heart as tender, as his heart was grand; he stands in history a little child in humility; a saint in purity; a king in power."

The world we're passing through is God's world as much as any we're ganging to. Dinna think of the milestones! Think o' the steps.—*Edmund Larrell.*

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals tell us straight
Of a great historic event and its date.

CROSS-WORDS.

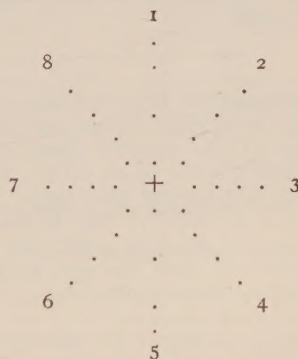
Spread often to the winds that blow.
A useful thing in case of snow.
Something that certain rodents prize.
An animal of goodly size.
Upon a rack is often seen.
Employed to keep the garden green.
Reverberating from the hill.
Quite helpful if you're old or ill.
Within the grave or tomb to lay.
An idol worshipped far away.
A flag that proudly waves astern.
Enables us our heads to turn.
A quadruped that cannot walk.
The means by which I hear you talk.
The good that of the dead is told.
One of a tribe of brothers old.
A bird song high and clear and gay.
Something you walk on every day.

—*Selected.*

II.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.



1. To splash in mud or water.
2. To depart suddenly.
3. A crown.
4. Easily managed.
5. Hardships.
6. A slight sleep.
7. To turn aside.
8. An ass.

III.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Judicious Conqueror.
2. Farthest North.
3. Helped Black Slaves.
4. Noted Words.
5. Acceptable Contributions.

Answers to puzzles in the May number will appear in the July-August number.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The monthly meetings of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be discontinued until further notice.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, provided proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 48 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 p.m.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.